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LONG ISLAND.

BY

W. ALFRED JONES, A. M.,

LIBRARIAN OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

READ BEFORE THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NOVEMBER 5, 1863.

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William

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LONG ISLAND.

It may seem almost an act of presumption to attempt an historical sketch, much less a detailed account, of Long Island, topographical and statistical, within the ordinary limits of a lecture,—as a full consideration of any one of the numerous topics of this paper would exhaust the time and patience of the most complaisant audience. Anything like copiousness of detail or thoroughness of treatment is, consequently, quite out of the question. Our utmost endeavor will be to aim at presenting a very brief, very rapid, and yet tolerably comprehensive, sketch of the notabilia, men and things, of Long Island,—a portion of the Empire State far too little known, except to native Long-Islanders, residents of long-standing, or those who, from business connections, social ties, or pleasure excursions, have become somewhat acquainted with her varied resources and manifold attractions.

It is, moreover, with no affectation of modesty, that we undertake this task (a labor of love though it be), when we reflect on our avowed incompetence, compared with certain gentlemen here present, who, from birth, ampler information, and the nature of their researches, are far better fitted to treat this subject, and yet whose favorable suffrages we should be most anxious to gain. Since no one has, however, thought it expedient to present such a mere summary as we propose to give—unwilling, perhaps, to be at the pains to condense within

a sketch, what might be so much more attractively amplified into a volume—we beg the forbearance, and deprecate in advance the criticism, of any student, historical or antiquarian, who might complain of the very superficial and discursive nature of this essay.

Though a native New-Yorker, yet, as the descendant of Long-Islanders, we take a special pride and interest in the Island, and all that relates to it. On this ground, too, we seem to feel a certain claim on your kindness, and confess a desire to connect our name, again, with the home of our fathers.

The historical importance of Long Island has never been overrated. Next to the city of New York, it is the oldest portion of the State that had been visited and settled by Dutch and English. Previous to the Revolution, Long Island constituted the oldest and most important part of the colony. A century ago the population of Long Island (says Prime) was more than that of the city of New York, and more than one-third that of the province. At the commencement of this century, Long Island was still a most important part of the State.

To the student of political history, the antiquary, the humorist, the sportsman, the invalid, and the traveler for pleasure, Long Island holds out many and various attractions.

Her history, colonial and revolutionary; the Indian tribes (her original proprietors); the settlement of her towns; their quaint nomenclature; her old churches and houses; the manorial grants of the Suffolk and Queens County patentees; the quaint English reminiscences of the east end, and the picturesque relics of the Dutch, in the western; the romantic hardships of the whale fishery, and the bold race of men it nurtures—are all topics of interest.

The celebrated men, too, who first drew breath in this

avored region, and those who in later life retired here to enjoy a calm and happy old age, are worthy of being recorded.

We shall attempt, concisely enough, to touch upon all these points,—for we can do little more,—and we must again declare that the present paper is but introductory to the historical course that will follow, and is intended to bear the same relation to it, as a preface to the volume of history.

On the arrival of the European colonists, thirteen tribes of native Indians were found in possession of the Island. At present a mere handful of half-breeds remain (more negro than Indian) of the once powerful and predominant Montauks, and but a meagre remnant of the Shinnecock tribe, settled on a Government reservation at Shinnecock. The only skirmish of any consequence between the Indians and the white inhabitants occurred 1653, at Fort Neck (the seat of the Floyd Jones family), the famous Captain John Underhill being the victor.

The colonial history of Long Island to the period of the Revolution is occupied (in its earlier records) with Indian difficulties; afterwards with civil protests of the Dutch against the Duke of York's government; with party politics and local disputes. On the establishment of the English colonial dominion on Long Island, the Duke's laws (which tradition declares to have been drawn up by no less a personage than Lord Chancellor Clarendon, the great historian) were promulgated for the government of the province, and became the established code. The Dutch had previously governed the western end for nearly half a century.

During the era of the Revolution—throughout almost the entire war—the Island was held by the British. It contained many patriotic citizens, however, who secretly gave “material aid” to their fellow-countrymen, in nearly its whole extent; and on its soil at least one important action was fought—the

Battle of Long Island, at Gowanus—from which the masterly retreat to New York was conducted with such signal success.

The principal towns on Long Island were settled almost contemporaneously by the Dutch and English, at either end of the Island, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Southold was the first town settled on Long Island—1640. Memorials of the original colonists are to be found in the very few old houses and churches still remaining—antiquarian relics of that early period.

The principal of these (so far as we can learn) are the Cortelyou house at Gowanus—the headquarters of Lord Stirling at the Battle of Long Island; the old stone house at New Utrecht, in which General Woodhull died; the Bowne house at Flushing; the Young's place at Southold; the old stone cottage at Ravenswood; and the Fort Neck mansion, built by Judge Thomas Jones, the loyalist, just previous to the Revolution.

In Flatbush and in Brooklyn were standing, at the commencement of the present century, and even later, houses of equal or greater antiquity, not to omit the old brick house built by Major Thomas Jones, at Massapequa, 1696, and removed 1835,—the property, at that time, of Hon. David S. Jones. At South Hampton and at East Hampton several very old houses are yet standing.

A few quite ancient houses of worship are still to be found. The Presbyterian meeting-house at East Hampton; the Caroline Church at Setauket (the oldest Episcopal church on Long Island); and the Quaker meeting-house at Flushing—the oldest house of worship on Long Island, built 1690—are the principal.

The Long Island Historical Library is still limited. Its history and antiquities have, to be sure, been explored and discussed, compiled and commented upon, but not as they should be. A brief yet comprehensive, a classical but yet

familiar, narrative remains to be written. Thompson's volumes contain the materiel for a history, and disclose the sources for further research; but they do not present history in the high and strict sense. They include an ample store of facts, not philosophically digested, nor yet skillfully arranged. The compiler, as the historian always modestly calls himself, transferred too many documents and records, valuable as evidence, or illustrative of the text, but burthensome to the reader. He is, perhaps, too, in his biographical sketches, which form a sort of Long Island family history (by far the most interesting portion of his work to all interested in the details), too much of a genealogist, and not enough of a biographer. With these obvious defects (and notwithstanding other defects of style and manner), full of matter as it undoubtedly is, and the work of an honorable man and zealous inquirer, it is thus far the best—the accredited history of Long Island.

Wood's History of the settlement of the towns of Long Island, and Furman's Notes on Brooklyn, both of which tracts preceded it, are truly valuable sketches, careful in research and clear in style. Dr. Strong's History of Flatbush, Mr. Riker's History of Newtown, Judge Benson's Memoranda, and occasional historical sermons, afford useful materiel for local history.

The earliest printed account of Long Island is to be found in Denton's Description of New York, of which Long Island was then the part best known and most compactly peopled, after the Island of Manhattan itself. It has been reprinted by Gowans, the well-known bibliopole of New York City, with interesting notes by Judge Furman. It is a quaint and curious description of the city and the Island, very literal and very bald as to style, written in a vein of remarkable naivete. The author of this pamphlet of twenty pages, published in 1670,

was the son of the first clergyman of Hempstead, who came to this country 1644. It is a literary and historical curiosity.

Dr. Dwight, in his journal (a little prolix, yet generally sensible, and valuable as a faithful picture of manners at the beginning of this century—1804), gives some pleasant descriptions of places and customs. Cobbett's *Year on Long Island*, as might be expected, is fresh and racy in point of style and sarcasm; most readable for agricultural remarks and general observations on character and manners. He saw comparatively little of the Island; chiefly the neighborhood of North Hempstead, where, at Hyde Park, the seat of the Ludlows, this book was written, 1817, as well as his *English Grammar*, the most popular work of its class ever published.

The late Wm. P. Hawes, a lively writer and a genuine humorist, has left capital Long Island sketches—local, sporting, and familiar. His biographer, the late Wm. Henry Herbert, the accomplished scholar, litterateur, and sportsman, has left, in *Notes on Fishing to the American* reprint of the *Complete Angler*, some pleasant references to Long Island, as well as in his larger works on fishing, shooting, and the horse.

The Rev. Mr. Prime's compilation is chiefly important as an outline of the ecclesiastical history of Long Island, though it also presents the fruit of antiquarian research. This work is replete with important facts, and is drawn up with accuracy, in a compact form.

Mr. Onderdonk's valuable book of cuttings, the "*Incidents of the Revolution on Long Island*," may be regarded as interesting MSS. for the future historian, if indeed that classical scholar and loving chronicler of the past does not himself perform a duty to which he is fully competent—that of condensing his vivid facts and historical illustrations, running through three or four compact historical chapters, into a succinct narrative.

Mrs. Sigourney has essayed a poetical flight, we believe, off Montauk—a species of Spirit-of-the-cape episode—and with her we conclude the list of literary and historical illustrations of Long Island. From time to time newspaper correspondents send a letter up to town from their Summer retreats, but into this extensive class of literature we want both time and inclination to enter.

A topographical sketch of the Island will present a general picture—a bird's-eye view of a most interesting country.

Suffolk County occupies nearly two-thirds of Long Island, the county of so-called “pine barrens” (1) and sand, yet abounding in rich “necks” on both sides of the Island and teeming trout streams. It is the county of the great patents of the Nicolls, the Smiths, the Gardiners, the Floyds, the Lawrences, the Thompsons, the Lloyds, and other leading families—estates equal in extent almost to some of the great old North River manorial grants; as, for instance, the Nicoll patent of originally nearly a hundred square miles; Richard Smith's patent of 30,000 acres; Fisher's Island; Gardiner's Island; Shelter Island; Lloyd's Neck—the county containing the two greatest natural curiosities of Long Island, Ronkonkoma Pond and Montauk Point. Ronkonkoma is a lake three miles in circumference, with the peculiarity of a sand beach, although an inland lake—itself the very Omphale of Long Island. For a long while it was supposed to be unfathomable, because no plummet had sounded its depths—in this respect similar to Success Pond and other sheets of water)—claimed in part by four towns, Smithtown, Setauket, Islip, and Patchogue. According to Judge Furman, the Indians refused to eat the fish of Ronkonkoma, regarding them as superior beings, placed there by the Great Spirit, like the enchanted lake of the Arabian Nights.

Montauk, a vast common, as well as a bold promontory,

with its shining light, has its 9,000 acres, owned by a company, who hold its pasturing privileges as stock, and buy and sell it in shares.

Suffolk has the healthiest air (2) on Long Island, especially in its extreme eastern portion. We speak from experience of frequent visits, of from weeks' to months' duration, some years since. More old persons, we believe, are to be found there than in any one county in the State—even if a fatal case of tetanus (3) and of chorea does occasionally occur. According to Prime, Suffolk, in 1846, could show *one in forty* of her population *over seventy years of age*. The father, we believe, of General Halleck, died lately, a centenarian.

It was an old slander against Suffolk, that her people were a benighted race, because they preserved much of the primitive habits of the original settlers; yet, if statistics are to be credited, more of her population can read and write than that of any other county in the State. The very first academy in the State—Clinton Academy—was established at East Hampton 1784–7, and since the commencement of the century she has had her fair proportion of schools and academies.

She has another just boast—that of producing the handsomest women of the State. On this point it would be invidious to discriminate; but, from personal observation, I can honestly declare that, if the wives and daughters of Kings and Queens are equally beautiful, they cannot be more amiable or intelligent.

We cannot leave Suffolk without a few remarks on the whale fishery, forming its most characteristic feature. Whaling, from the earliest period of her annals, has been one of the chief sources of wealth to the hardy islanders; and a bold, manly occupation for the inhabitants of the eastern end of the Island in particular. From some of the towns on the north side, and early settlements on the shore of the South Bay (on a

smaller scale), vessels have been from time to time dispatched; but Sag Harbor may be properly recognized as the headquarters of the whaling enterprise of Long Island,—a port, too, ranking (after New Bedford and one or two other places), in former days, as one of the most important whaling stations in the country. For this hazardous business the Hamptons furnished both officers and men. Of late years, since the use of gas as a means of illumination, the whale fishery and oil trade have materially decreased.

In contemplating the venturous toils incurred by the vigorous race of men nurtured in this manly pursuit, we are forcibly reminded of Burke's vivid description of the hardy pioneers of the New England whale fishery as literally applicable to that of Long Island, with which in spirit, and, in a less degree, in extent, it is identical. After many, and dangerous, and profitable voyages, the daring navigator, and no less daring fisher, returns to his native place with a moderate independence, revives in middle life the youthful occupations of the farmer, and settles down into the domestic character of a *paterfamilias*. Originally a farmer's boy, a third of his life perhaps spent at sea, he never loses a certain amphibious character readily noticed in his dress and demeanor, his walk and talk, habits and feelings. A more kindly, intelligent, frank race of men cannot be found anywhere than the better portion (and that a prominent majority) of the sea-faring men of Suffolk County. Simple-hearted, but clear-headed, ingenious, industrious, and upright, they make excellent neighbors, true friends, and valuable citizens. Their mode of life is eminently republican, almost universal social equality existing in their towns, based upon a pretty uniform equality of pecuniary condition and intellectual acquirement. The whale fishery is the most democratic of employments; every man has his proportional share of profits, and a few voyages raise the competent sailor

and skillful hunter of the seas from the condition of an ordinary seaman to the post of captain. It is a pleasing sight, of a Sunday, to remark, at meeting, the number of truly respectable, sometimes patriarchal, men, whose venerable locks are whitened by the frosts of many Winters, as their honest faces are embrowned by the salt air and a tropical sun. As we have said, they make good farmers, but never lose their nautical ideas. Thus, in ordinary speech, they never *throw*, but always *heave* ; a pail is always a *bucket* ; the reins are *lines* ; they go *east* or *west*, instead of up or down a street ; they *head* or *steer* north or south, whether on foot or in a vehicle, as if on water ; they love to live near the sea, to have plenty of sea-room and space about them—to go a-fishing and breathe their native air.

The Hamptons are the towns where you find most of this race. J. Howard Payne, the dramatist, whose immortal song is as cosmopolitan as the English tongue, wrote, many years ago, an admirable description of East Hampton in one of the magazines. South Hampton is in much the same style, with its quaint old houses and their diminutive windows, their immense chimneys and massive timbers, its wide street, and wind-mill, and meeting-house. These are towns more than two centuries old, with something of Old England, and a great deal more of New England, in them.

The names of places are often queer and outlandish, sometimes significant, but often selected without any apparent good reason ; *e. g.*, Hardscrabble (now Farmingdale), Hoppogues, Greenland, Mount Misery, Old Man's, Rum Point (Greenwich)—the scene of Dr. Valentine's richly farcical description of a fete)—Commock, Buckram, Wolver Hollow, Canoe Place, Good Ground, Bedlam, Drowned Meadow, Fire Place and Fire Island, Scuttle-hole, Wamstead, North Sea, Speonk, Moriches, Mastic, Crab Meadow, Cow Neck, Cow Bay, Mus-

quito (Glen) Cove, Plandome, Dosoris, Bating Hollow, Quoque, Wading River, Hashmommock, Flanders, Upper Aquebogue or High Hockabock. Most of these are in Suffolk. A few scripture names occur in Queens and Suffolk; *e. g.*, Jerusalem, Jericho, Babylon, Bethpage, Mount Sinai.

The English settlements were chiefly in Suffolk and Queens during the civil war and the Protectorate, as the names of places show—Hampton, Huntington, Hempstead, Islip, Gravesend, for example.

The Dutch settlements were almost wholly in Kings, adjacent to the city of New Amsterdam, as names of places there evince—Breuklyn, Midwout (Flatbush), Amersfort (Flatlands), New Utrecht, Gowanus. The English settled but one town in Kings—Gravesend. In Queens, the Dutch also settled Vlissingen (Flushing), in 1645, and Rusdorp (Jamaica), but went no further east than Oyster Bay.

The national characteristics are still preserved, in some respects, and to this day the towns of Kings retain something of the aspect of Holland, and a great deal of her thrift and quiet industry; while East Hampton, in particular, has a good deal of the air of an old English village. In fact, except in New England, there are few or no places in our country resembling the old-fashioned English villages of a past date (of which we read in the English classics of the eighteenth century—neat and comfortable, pretty and picturesque), save, in a comparatively slight degree, some of the oldest villages on Long Island, where time and cultivation, the presence of gentry and the possession of wealth, have done a good deal to refine the face of the country as well as the manners of the people.

The distinguishing features of Queens County are the strait at Hell Gate, immortalized by the classic description of Irving; Hempstead Plains; and the Great South Bay,—the last entrenched behind a great bar or beach, nearly 100 miles

long, a natural breakwater and sure barrier against the fury of the Ocean, forming a bay five miles wide; while the second, a species of prairie and heath combined, includes some 25,000 acres of uncultivated ground, without a tree growing naturally upon it, forming a common for the town. It is twelve miles long, by five or six in width. Long previous to the Revolution, in early colonial times, a race-course, called after the celebrated (English) Newmarket, was established here, by Gov. Nicolls, 1665—nearly two centuries ago. It is thus described by Denton: "Towards the middle of Long Island lyeth a plain sixteen miles long by four broad, upon which plain grows very fine grass, that makes exceeding good hay, and is very good pasture for sheep and other cattel; where you shall find neither stick nor stone to hinder the horses nor to endanger them or their races; and once a year the best horses on the Island are brought hither, and the swiftest rewarded with a silver cup—two being annually procured for that purpose." Hence the origin of racing on Long Island—a favorite sport, especially at the Union Course, within the memory of most of us rendered classic by the historical contests between Eclipse and Henry; and, still later, between Boston and Fashion,—the North always victorious. The last great race was between Fashion and Blue Dick,—a most exciting scene, which we had the pleasure of witnessing. Trotting and trotters now appear to have superseded, in a great measure, racing and racers.

The shore of the East River, from Ravenswood to Flushing, famous for its gardens and schools (the nurseries of education), especially at and in the neighborhood of Astoria, and also at Newtown (celebrated for its orchards), and Jamaica, in the interior, is thickly set with delightful country places and rural retreats, in some instances of retired merchants and professional men, but, in most cases, of active business men engaged during the day in town.

The north side of the Island, especially at Oyster Bay and Cold Spring, and indeed throughout its whole length, is certainly superior in natural beauty and picturesque scenery; but the south side has the advantage of fine roads, being remarkably level, and is far richer in all kinds of game, fish, and fowl. Dr. DeKay's List of the Birds of Long Island shows that she is uncommonly rich in this particular.

The highest ground on Long Island is Harbor Hill, 319 feet above the sea, at Hempstead Harbor, now Roslyn—a romantic spot, the Summer abode of Bryant, P. Godwin, and Mrs. Kirkland. At the same place was the first paper-mill in the State, erected and managed by a member of the Onderdonk family, which has given two bishops to the church and many worthy members to society. On both sides, the sound (her Mediterranean) and the Ocean, the Island is rich in watering places; and after Newport, and superior to all of the New Jersey resorts for salt bathing, comes Rockaway, which is followed in an inferior degree by Coney Island, Bath, and a number of other places, to the very land's-end of the Island, at Montauk. As a fashionable resort, Rockaway, of course, stands at the head of the list, and is very accessible to the denizens of the city; but old Ocean is to be seen in his more primitive aspects, with none of the artificial accompaniments of great hotels or brilliant society, with a ruder beach and a rougher surf, at the Hamptons and Montauk, and along the less visited shores of Suffolk County.

Kings County, in its rural portion, retains a good deal of the old Dutch character of the early settlers (Gravesend being the only English settlement). Flatbush is the chief village—a quiet, clean, most comfortable-looking place, with its pleasant houses, and gardens, and farms. Erasmus Hall, established contemporaneously with East Hampton Academy, bears wit-

ness to its Belgic origin, immortalized by President Duer in his interesting St. Nicholas Address, 1848.

Coney Island is supposed to have been the first landing-place of Hudson and his men, 1609.

Forts Hamilton and La Fayette are most respectable fortifications, and important to the safety of New York City.

Brooklyn deserves a lecture, or a volume, rather, to herself, in place of a paragraph—the rival or rather the suburb of New York. This is said with no idea of disrespect to her; as, though a dependency on New York, much of the city of Brooklyn is very far superior to very much of the city of New York;—with her numerous places of religious worship, some of them of very considerable architectural pretensions; with her many fine streets of elegant, and, in very many instances, magnificent, private residences; her noble City Hall, and Navy Yard, with its admirable dry-dock, and, crowning feature of all, with her beautiful Greenwood Cemetery, a peerless place of public sepulture.

We believe all of the antiquities of Brooklyn are gone. Duffon's Military Garden and Parmentier's Botanical Garden were great places of resort in my boyhood, but have made way for the city improvements.

Long Island may justly boast of the eminent jurists and statesmen she has produced, and equally of the distinguished advocates who have, by residence, naturalized themselves, as it were—become adopted citizens of her insular republic.

Samuel Clowes, an Englishman, is commonly reported the first lawyer settled upon Long Island, at Jamaica, 1702. His grave is to be seen in the burial-ground of the Episcopal church. His descendants are among the most respectable of the many respectable old Long-Island families.

Jamaica appears to have been either the birthplace or favorite retreat of gentlemen of the first rank, either in the

legal profession or in the political world, among whom may be mentioned Benjamin Kissam, Egbert Benson, Rufus King, Melancthon Smith; Genet, the French minister sent from the Republic by the Directory, 1793. Newtown claims the well-known legal Riker family; Flushing, the able Cadwallader D. Colden (whose father, Governor Cadwallader Colden, had an elegant country seat at Spring Hill, near Flushing; as had Francis Lewis, the Signer, at Whitestone). DeWitt Clinton, too, enjoyed his rural leisure, at one period of his life, at his pleasant place at Maspeth, in the town of Newtown. South Oyster Bay has given birth to perhaps the oldest and most distinguished legal family of the State,—including, in four generations of able lawyers, two judges of the Supreme Court of the colony; and, since the Revolution, the two Samuel Joneses, father and son, at different epochs the patriarchs of the New York bar; and a younger brother of the latter, a worthy and generous compeer of the best, well known to many of you as such, and whose name and fame are gratefully cherished in the history of his native county. The celebrated Judge Radcliff was a resident of Brooklyn; and the eminent advocate, Elisha W. King, neither a native nor a resident, yet a descendant, of a Long-Island family, should not be forgotten. Perhaps no part of the State can pride herself with more justice on her able lawyers, of whom we have mentioned only those of the first class. To this brief catalogue should, in justice, be added the names of two of the worthiest of the sons of Long Island, the admirable brothers Sackett, than whom we have never known purer or more honorable characters. They were able and intelligent lawyers, high-principled and kindly men, liberal and accomplished gentlemen, filled with all the virtues of the manly character; devoted to duty and to each other in life, and not separated in death—a rare example of brotherly love and of genuine goodness. As con-

nected, too, with the old and respectable families of Onderdonk, Titus, Kissam, and Tredwell; and united, by the ties of birth, and long residence, and partial affection; by political bias and professional pursuits, their names should never be omitted in a list of those of whom this community ought to be proud.

Suffolk, too, has produced her liberal proportion of able lawyers and statesmen. Is it necessary to do more than recapitulate the names of Wm. Floyd, the Signer; Mr. Stephen Sayre, a native of Southampton—in 1773, Sheriff of London—an elegant gentleman and sincere patriot; Judge Conckling; Chancellor Sandford; Silvanus Miller; Tappan Reeve, of whom Dr. Beecher remarked, in his funeral sermon, “I have never known a man who loved so many, and was by so many beloved;” and John Wickham? We must pause, in this rapid enumeration, at this last name, better known at the South, perhaps, than in his own county. Mr. Wickham, of Southold, went, early in life, to Virginia, where he became endenized, and made for himself a most enviable legal and social reputation. He is best known in legal, or rather political, history, for his defence of Aaron Burr in the celebrated trial for treason, and in which he had the elegant, classic Wirt opposed to him. John Randolph, that acute judge of men, has left his weighty testimony to the worth and merits of our great Long-Islander. In his will, dated January 1, 1832, he bequeaths “to John Wickham, Esq., my best friend, without making any professions of friendship to me, and the best and wisest man I ever knew, except Mr. Macon, my mare Flora and my stallion Gascoine, together with two old-fashioned silver tankards, unengraved; and I desire that he will have his arms engraved upon them, and at the bottom these words: ‘From John Randolph, of Roanoke, to John Wickham, Esq., a token of the respect and gratitude which he never ceased to feel for

his unparalleled kindness, courtesy, and services.'" One of Mr. Wickham's daughters married Mr. Benj. Watkins Leigh, one of the political worthies of the Old Dominion. Mr. Wickham took a Virginian's and a Long-Islander's pride in the horse, and he had a heavy stake in the Eclipse and Henry race. Boston, the greatest Southern racer since Henry, was bred by Mr. Wickham.

Well-known and popular names of an inferior professional grade might be added ; we have enumerated only the foremost, and of these none now living. If we have omitted any name or names at all equal to the foregoing, it is wholly through inadvertence, and by no means from design.

The faculty is as well, if not as numerous, represented. There was the celebrated *Dr. Mitchell*, immortalized by Halleck, whom the late Dr. Francis, and equally competent judges among his contemporaries, were never tired of praising for his learning, his simplicity of character, his benevolence, and his eccentricities ; of whom Cobbett wrote, "A man more full of knowledge and less conscious of it, I never saw in my life;" the able *Wright Post* ; *Valentine Seaman*, father of the great doctors of the past generation, of whom we find mention in a foot-note of Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne, to the effect that "the practice of whipping in medicine was revived by Dr. Seaman in North America, who applied a horse-whip to a patient who had taken an overdose of opium. The method succeeded." Valentine Mott—one of his pupils—the peer of Liston, and Cooper, and Dupuytren, and confessedly the first surgeon of his age and country ; *Dr. Moore*, of Newtown ; *John Jones*, one of the founders of the New York Hospital, and of the medical faculty of Columbia (King's) College, "ever to be remembered," to quote the language of Dr. Francis, "as the physician of Franklin and the surgeon of Washington," the ablest operator and professional writer of

his day. These were all natives of Long Island. *Dr. Kissam*, and *Dr. Ogden*, who is said to have been the first practitioner of his day, who introduced the use of mercury as a specific, became residents of Jamaica. *Dr. DeKay*, more particularly eminent as a man of science and traveler, located himself near the delightful village of Oyster Bay.

The Episcopal church has at different times stationed some of her ablest sons on Long Island. Four, among the very foremost of our bishops, had parochial charges here at different times—Seabury, Benj. Moore, Hobart, and B. T. Onderdonk. Bishop Moore and Bishop Onderdonk (of New York) were natives.

Four successive generations of the first honored name have had charges on Long Island. Samuel Seabury, father of the bishop, was rector of St. George's, Hempstead, and after him succeeded in the same parish Rev. Lambert Moore, then Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Hobart. At Jamaica, Bishop (then, too, Mr.) Seabury was settled for twenty years. His son, the Rev. Charles Seabury, a clergyman of the Vicar of Wakefield and Parson Adams stamp, was missionary at Setauket (the Caroline Church) for many years; and his son again, the Rev. Dr. Seabury, of New York, certainly the ablest polemic, and one of the most eminent divines of the Episcopal church, was rector, for a year, of St. George's Church, Astoria. Four generations of clergymen, all able, and two pre-eminently so, are not readily to be paralleled.

Celebrated preachers of various denominations have made Long Island the favorite scene of their religious labors.

Elias Hicks, a native of Jerico, the Unitarian Quaker (if the phrase be not tautological), in his peregrinations, is said to have traveled 10,000 miles and to have delivered 1,000 discourses. In 1672, George Fox, the rural patriarch of Quakerism (Penn was the *courtier* of the society), visited Long Island

and preached under the noble old trees at Flushing, near the Bowne House, where he lodged. Whitfield, one of the two great Methodist leaders, also made an ecclesiastical tour, 1764, at the east end of the Island. Traditions abound in Suffolk, especially in the most eastern towns, of the quaint peculiarities of the early Presbyterian clergy, a vigorous race of intellectual, humorous, and most devoted pastors. The old Dutch Church in Kings, too, has her peculiar history.

In the naval and military glories of the country Long Island may claim to participate: in Commodore Truxton (of Jamaica), the gallant sailor and true man; in the lamented Gen. Woodhull (of Mastic); and the spirited Col. Benj. Bird-sall (of Hempstead); Col. Tallmadge (of Setauket); General Ebenezer Stevens (of Astoria), Capt. Norton (of Brookhaven), and Capt. Brewster, revolutionary heroes, are not to be forgotten.

Art, too, can point to her votaries, some of them natives, others residents, of Long Island. *Mount*, the first comic painter of the United States, and his brother Shepherd, the portrait painter, natives of Setauket; and a new name, Davis, of Port Jefferson, rapidly becoming the peer of *Mount*; Rogers, the celebrated miniature painter, of Bridge-Hampton. Hackett, the excellent comedian, is, we believe, a native of Jamaica; and Dr. Valentine, the admirable comic lecturer and mimic. Byram, the self-taught mechanical genius, was a native of Southampton; and Symmes (of Riverhead), author of the well-known theory of the earth. We recollect the name of but one brilliant instance of native authorship among the dead—Robert C. Sands, the scholar and wit. Brooklyn has always had her fair share of litterateurs and a highly cultivated society, most of which belongs properly to New York City, or to New England, or to the native and resident members of the legal profession.

The population of Long Island is equal to that of some of our largest cities, or some of the smaller States of the Union. On this score alone she might claim to become an independent State and a distinct diocese, to have her own governor and her own bishop. But would it be wise to separate herself from the parent State (if, indeed, such a course could be allowed), to forego the glory of remaining a most important portion of the Empire State, and, instead, to set up a political independency of her own? As the son, the grandson and the great grandson of Long-Islanders, whose first American ancestor was among the early English patentees of Queens County, I say, for myself, distinctly, it would not.

The future of Long Island appears to us (so far as we may cast its horoscope) to resolve itself into becoming the garden, the orchard and the farm of New York City. Assuming Brooklyn (though the third city of the United States for population), with her dependencies, to be considered as a part of the metropolis; the rural portion of Kings might fitly be formed into gardens, kitchen and floral; while Queens might be in part devoted to both gardens and orchards (as is even at present, with both counties, much the case), and leaving the rest of her soil, with much that is excellent in the soil of Suffolk, for purely agricultural purposes, and farming on a large scale. Or, admitting secession (which we are as unwilling to countenance in this instance as in the disruption of our glorious Union), Long Island may virtually become an insular State with far better reason than some of the Southern States, —Delaware, for instance. From geographical position, her internal resources, her varied products, the possession of a capital city worthy of the name, she might derive a strong ground for separation. Interest and good feeling would still ally her strongly to New York, and the divorce might be but partial. This, however, we merely glance at as a speculation;

fervently trusting that no such consummation may ever happen, but that Long Island will hereafter be known as the richest jewel in the crown of the Empire State, and that her sons and daughters may, while indulging in a most laudable local pride, not only never forget, but boast with proud satisfaction, that they are loyal citizens of the Empire State of New York.

NOTE.—The writer of the present paper is indebted to Mr. J. W. Carrington, who kindly read it, in his absence, to the Long Island Historical Society; and from whose admirable elocution much of its immediate success was derived, for the following judicious remarks:

(1) These so-called "barrens," by the way, are being rapidly developed, year by year, into thrifty, promising farms.

The "*Bushy Oak Plains*"—(*not Scrub Oak*, as they are generally called) in a pamphlet by Winslow C. Watson, among the State Agricultural Transactions for 1859—are shown to be anything but "barrens." They would fit out many a baron with a most noble barony.

(2) It might be added, too, that Suffolk County lies wholly within that very small portion of the earth's surface described by Baron Humboldt (in his "*Cosmos*," I think) as being emphatically the healthiest region in the world.

(3) It is but just to Suffolk County to say, here, that one of her own physicians has robbed her of this terror. Under the treatment discovered and introduced by Dr. Benjamin D. Carpenter, of Cutchogue, tetanus is of scarcely more consequence than a severe attack of toothache. Practicing in a circuit of twenty-five miles in diameter, he assures me that in sixteen years' residence he has only averaged one case a year; and of cases that were his own, he has not lost one.



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